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Delæus
and
The Bond Child.

141. d.
334.

DECÆUS;

Or, the Dawn of To-morrow:

AND

THE BOND-CHILD.

TWO SACRED ALLEGORIES.

DEDICATED BY

ISABEL JANNETTE PAYNE,

TO HER MOST VALUED FRIEND,

CHARLOTTE ANNE WALE MOUNTAIN.

LONDON:
JOSEPH MASTERS, ALDERSGATE STREET,
AND NEW BOND STREET.
MDCCCLIII.

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NOTICE.

A FRIEND having observed that many of the names and terms used throughout these Allegories are of complicated bearing, let me in apology direct the reader's attention to their figurative signification, for which purpose they have been introduced by way of farther exemplification.

)ften will thought look back and weep over
ion,
d the dim notes of that pleasant song will
a reproachful spirit,
oaning in Æolian strains over the desert of
here the hot Siroccos of the world have with
Oasis."

M. F. T

EXPLANATION OF NAMES.

The Dawn of To-morrow's Light is that pure and elevating influence of the unseen world, felt and seen only by those on earth, whose spirits clothed in faith pass from things of to-day.

The Home of the Fathers, with its garden, is the Church of CHRIST with its elect.

Decæus, the type of a true Christian Minister.

The Brotherhood, Priests of the Church.

The Plants, the Church's lay members.

The Janua Vitæ, the gate of life.

The white blossoms, Baptism.

The crimson, the grace of GOD received in the second Sacrament.

The Sun of to-day, the spirit of this world.

Anheuremmenos, a schismatic, a world-blinded but repentant sinner.

The waters of oblivion, sought by the old man, the road of despair, and depth of misery.

', a priest.
ite flowers which hung their heads,
ıffections and resigned enjoyments
us for love of GOD.
ll glory of to-morrow, Heaven.

DECÆUS;

Or, The Dawn of To-Morrow.

As the swelling waves roll, so must ruin follow the child who rests fascinated in the sun of to-day, without looking for the dawn of that light which may break to-morrow; he revels to-day culling unto himself hollow joys, which to-morrow's light will show are but poisonous barbs, which hourly fly adrift, rending the once regenerated soul from the GOD of its birth to nurture itself in some wild chimera of earth.

The good and holy Decæus had lived long: during many years he had travelled far, seeking the home of his fathers; he halted not as he passed through the light from the sun of to-day, for he sought to find no rest there; he was a shepherd, as his fathers before him were, and his aged heart yearned to tend the same flock from which death had borne them. They had dwelt in a glorious land, for there had the dawn of to-morrow's

e and there presented themselves to
ch as magnetic stars the surroundi
:s were, with eager steps, hastening
ı was Decæus often drawn to fix h
e and then there upon these lumin
ı; and once, when their momentary
ght, I heard him exclaim, "Surely
the homes of my fathers, and those th
ep, herding to weep over their shr
ı at a distance I saw him follow
his step was dubious, and the sta
ned fast to grow pale as the lurid
rer and nearer upon his eye: and n
gone far when I saw him halt;
strange sound fell upon his ear, ı
ıt to which he neared seemed as he a
rone as a fading torch: and he caugl

not his cheek; his silver locks were waved in many a storm, buoyed by that spirit which ever hailed him onward; persecution drove him through her darkest path; but the dawn of to-morrow ever shed its rays on the road to his father's dwelling, until at length he stood in the garden of his father's home, gazing upon the ruins whose walls had once towered around the communion of the Holy; but now were they fallen, and its hallowed inmates had long ascended, borne on the wings of some fellow spirit into the full light of that day whose dawn alone had touched them here; and since their departure strangers had thrown stone from stone in ruthless devastation.

Decæus mourned over this destruction of his fathers' labours; the once lovely gardens around now held few plants which were unmarred by weeds; still, such as they were, Decæus loved them all, for they were the offspring of seeds sown by his fathers, and even the most sickly bore some feeble fruit.

While Decæus thus mourned in sorrowful contemplation, the dawn of to-morrow broke forth, and beaming on his spirit awoke it to raise in re-erection the drooping glories of his home: fragments of this noble ruin lay scattered far and wide, *which* Decæus with eager joy made diligent search *for. Time* passed, and with it the progression of his

once vacated site, and now bade defia
wling winds which long through
ursed their way, sweeping down each
ld and mournful voice. And now h
ɔened into Summer, adorning in the
maturity this renovated home of tl
now stood in the full majesty of ear
ıd hallowed by the indwelling spirit of
round the gardens lay, peopled witl
ɔwers, over which pure stainless beings
ıough all unseen by mortal eye. In
ıe soil of these grounds grew a vine,
æus, after the naming of his fathers c
'itæ. It twined far and wide, it cc
ach stone, and towered over the ro
own each of the many paths which tr
arden : it bore blossoms of the utmost

which were in like confusion with the fallen ruins which he had just restored. Decæus wept in pity over each plant as he drew them near him, and beheld the late pride of his fathers thus blighted and withering. True, some few there were which retained their full foliage; others stood stripped of every leaf; many there were broken, and others twisted whither they could never twine. With tenderest solicitude he strove to minister to their several states; he was right in believing none quite dead, for when he came to prune them, they all put forth some few leaves still moist with dew from the white blossoms of the vine, with which when first planted his fathers had watered them. In the silent musings of sorrow often would Decæus gaze upon his blighted plants, and wonder why this once beautiful garden was now drooping unto death. Had some poisonous air played over their heads, or some untutored hand bent their fragile stalks? Neither of these enemies could he trace, but he saw that they yearned to pass the boundary within which his fathers had trained them. Walls did not inclose the garden, but they had from the time of their earliest shoot been bent in the paths over which the Janua Vitæ spread her shading leaves, and where alone the dawn of *to-morrow* shed her golden light over the face of

and quickly withered.

Many were the plants which h
branches, and stretched far beyond
tering shade into the scorching su
became withered and weak; and in t
they forgot the strengthening essen
son blossoms to which the fathers o
taught them to turn when feeble an
The first step of the holy man was t
his garden and draw his sick plants
cinating powers of destruction, and
the cool dawn of to-morrow to unfold
leaves. And when after a while
turned to tend his rescued plants, h
parched fibres grown green; and fi
have raised their still drooping hea
but they yet were bruised and weak.

cæus' smile beamed joy on all around; the air was filled with solemn and joyous peals from the home of the fathers; each flower spread open its colours, and wafted its precious odour on high; the birds soared to the skies, where they seemed to catch the echo of some angel choir, and pour their melody on earth.

Decæus walked the grounds of his garden round and round, blessing all within the paths of the vine; then did he enter the sanctuary of his fathers, and offered in prayer the incense of all which now rested in hushed serenity around.

Numberless were the renovated plants; and yet were there seen many barren spots, from whence the seeds from the plants raised by his fathers ought to have sprung. Fain would Decæus learn the destiny of these lost plants; he feared that those missing must have fallen from their parent plant when they stretched beyond the boundary of the vine, and thus might they now be growing without his garden, parched and sapless in the sun of to-day.

Pity cast her veil over this good man's joy; and he, sorrowing for these lost ones, went forth afar to search for them through the burning sun of to-day, whose rays he feared not, for he had gathered *both a white* and a crimson blossom from the vine

home, he look
ones which he was quitting, —
eye now kindled into joy when he l
glory of his home,—his noble (
spire towered to the heavens, wre
white and crimson blossoms, the m
ments earth ever held. Then said D
none who have entered this home c
it." So in all peace he departed.

And now has Decæus gone
his lovely garden, his fond plan
some missing kin. He enters citi
of to-day burns in palling array.
ing, and crowds rush forward. "W
Decæus, "are they bound?" s

But as though th

The old man answered, "Father, I know not where I go, for I see no longer; once I had a home, and there my parents dwelt; but alas! I left them when only in my earliest childhood. Yes, I sported beyond their bounds of security. I ventured to the brink where the light of to-morrow never shed her dawn. I thought only to look beyond and hasten back; but no sooner had I reached the forbidden point, than the sun of to-day struck his dazzling rays in my path, and I sunk blinded and powerless. It was long before I could arise; but after much striving I have learned to grope my way here and there. O how I have longed to find the way to my home! Year after year has passed me by, and I have grown old and weary, and now should I fear to return. I dare not show this marred and decrepid form in the pure and never-fading dawn of to-morrow, even could I see my way. Memory at times suggests the images of holy spots which in youth I loved, ere the syren charms in the sun of to-day enticed me without the dawn of my fostering home; but such recollection bears me no joy; it serves only to bathe my blinded eyes in the tears of bitter remorse, and I now grope onward to cast myself in the waters of oblivion."

The holy Decæus reached forward his hand, and

ɔurse.
ɔeech overshadow me; you can never r
he light of life in its darkening deptl
" Brother! the waters you need hav(
ɔver me. Gloriously bright is their
walk in their rippling spray, and slee
murmurs of their voice, which ever dre
on all life; and fain would I lead the
the course they stream."
"Holy Father!" cried the old man
me where these waters flow, for if
bright, yet may they shine one
darkened sight."
" Brother! every meadow over
waters may flow, comes forth covere
colours, bedewed w

So saying Decæus led the old man onward: many times did he stumble, for he was weak and blind, but Decæus supported him, ever holding him in the right path. After some time the old man grew stronger, and many days would pass without his once falling;—but still was he blind, and Decæus feared to leave him, though daily he rejoiced to see each step grew steadier, and the voice of the holy Decæus was now enough to lead him straight without farther support.

Decæus had gone through many cities seeking if perchance he might find other plants lingering in the sun of to-day, and dying without the home of the Fathers—and now was he returning to his glorious home not joyless, though his heart was stricken with sorrow, for many of his own plants had he seen in some distant plain, where the sun of to-day shone forth in fiery array. He gazed upon them with fond commiseration, and uttered his longest, loudest, cry to return; but they seemed only to heed the call from the sun of to-day, which bade them put forth their most gaudy hues; and as the holy Decæus watched them expand leaf by leaf, baring their tenderest points to these scorching rays, night came on; the plains were parched, from which no refreshing dews arose to temper their exhausted stems,

his blasted hope; but as each p-
brought him nearer his home, brig
thrilling joy which played over his s
he beheld the blind man still followi
as he turned to him, the old man aske
do we near the waters we seek?" A
told him that he would turn no
he had reached them, for the roa
straight. Long did they journey o
after many nights, when the old ma
Decæus rested him by the waysi
came bringing peace and serenity
day.

Decæus watched over his slumbe
through the shades of night, and
[illegible] man awoke, a

unburdened over cities lighted by the sun of to-day. They were cold and stiff and torn in many places, but Decæus could still see that they were alive: he took them up, and bearing them in his arms he wrapped his garment around them,—ere long they both slept, and as they grew warmer, their almost extinguished life seemed to be re-kindled on the bosom of this holy man.

The old man's sight being now restored, he walked beside Decæus, and saw around the lovely meadows over which he had gone, green and fresh from the waters which had coursed their stream over them. Then said the old man, "Father! these waters are indeed gloriously bright, they have borne away the dark cloud which blinded my sight; and now by the dawn of to-morrow's day I follow thee onwards to the home of thy fathers. The despondency, and reckless gaze which was spread over the old man's face when Decæus first had found him, was now changed into an earnest anticipation of fullest joy; and when the calm eye of the holy Decæus fell upon him, he felt as if warmed by some kindred spirit, which called him onward to the same home which he had loved in his child-hood. As Decæus and the old man approached the home of the fathers, the dawn of to-morrow

ieu joy. [illegible]
me of his fathers, and he stood for so
n mute contemplation before the sac
ıg.
ras not long since he had left it, yet
ones seemed to have become green with
ng lichen which had grown with each da
ture; but his greatest admiration was
Vitæ, which had coiled round and ro
ıpire; and glorious were the white
on blossoms which appeared to have bl
ıince his departure to welcome the tr
s which might have returned with him
d not only round the spire; each wall
ch adornment; each path in the garden
[illegible] by some leading branch, and each

mingle with the seraphic harps on high, which were ever rejoicing over this communing of spirits. Here was it that the old man recognised the forsaken home of his youth; and as he beheld his former companions glorying in their old age, he sadly thought of his own worn and shattered frame—he longed to follow with them amid his former haunts; but he was too weak to walk in the old paths unaided by the arm of the holy Decæus, who daily led him forth, resting here and there to pause upon the beauty of some expanding plant. Many were the tears which rolled over the furrowed cheek of the old man, when he beheld the beaming satisfaction which lighted the eye of Decæus as it fell upon some old plant still strong and blooming as of yore, for it never had been blighted. The old man wept: memory fain would recall that smile which had been shed upon him by the fathers of Decæus, when in youth as a member of their home he had promised to bloom unto manhood. Even the efforts of Decæus now seemed lost in bringing comfort to the spirit of the old man, and Decæus in pity and sorrow looked upon him, for he thought the hope of the old man must be hung upon some plant which had withered, and could bloom no more: and so faint it must have been, that a cloud came over and it was gone.

and seemed longing again to pou
drops upon him, and with their p
sorrow which was brooding over h
old man felt that he could not loo
he thought that they must reproac
had marred their waters which ha
in infancy. Decæus bade him loo
behold the glory of the crimson b
opened unto all who strove to collec
pearls which once were shed fr
blossoms upon them. The old m
these warm hues; then did his chil
into life, and with it every dormant
and hailed in each renovated pla
bond of sympathy

of his youth. And when the old man was weary he tired not, for he now knew where to find the rest in his long-lost home, and where the waters flowed which satisfied every desire.

When Decæus had left the old man, he returned to the little infants whom he had left sleeping; he aroused them from their unconscious slumber, but they drowsily looked upon him, clinging to each other in fear. "Poor little things!" said he, "they do not know me, and all around is strange to them." I found them forsaken and helpless in the burning sun of to-day, and may be these tempered rays of the dawn of to-morrow cannot warm them; so he raised them in his arms, and bore them to the beautiful white blossoms of the vine,—from these he poured their glistening dews, and sprinkling them upon the infants, one he named Theophilus—the other Gabriel. Then did they awake, and eagerly stretching out their little hands did they try to reach the blossoms, but they were far above them! So Decæus took them to sport on the soft grassy beds, where more attainable flowers grew until the evening closed, and then did he take them within the home of his fathers—for a solemn peal was ringing forth to summon him to his brotherhood who were already assembled.

died not away; they were caught by
lips of Theophilus and Gabriel, and l
ear of the holy Decæus, who enraptu
these, the first words of his children
clasp their little hands in prayer, not
unto the God of his fathers. Day f
and time gave birth to each year, wit
the spirit of this holy man yearn to
day whose light had ever dawned upc
but yet he could not brook the th
would always arise for his children—
bear to leave them, for they were
and often when the cold winds blev
come around him, seeking the protc
father.

"Yes," replied Decæus, "in those mounds sleep your fathers, and my fathers; for they with us were all children of the white blossoms. Every plant in this garden, both old and young, were all seeds from the white blossoms, and in brotherhood are united to you by the strongest of ties—for this, and this alone is the tie which GOD hath ordained—into this large family have you each as a member been born; therefore remember, when I sleep among the green mounds of the fathers, and wake no more to walk over this garden, you must tend each drooping plant, your sick brother, bearing unto him the waters of renovation; and when the flowers which now are full blown shall be faded, and with me fall, then must the tender buds which take their place be watered with the dew of the white blossoms, or they will never blow into full beauty. My children, forget not these waters, they are the bearer of your brotherly love, 'and if ye love not your brother whom ye have seen, how can ye love GOD whom ye have not seen?' and when ye love not GOD, the light of that day whose dawn now playeth around you, shall never break over your heads."

These beloved children clung around their aged father, who overcome by their grief ceased his address, to console this their first sorrow—but

shall you their eldest and longest fost
depart from them, leaving us to seek
from some strange hand? We have
followed thee beneath many hanging cl
tend some favourite plant—when placed
to watch some ripening fruit, we feared
wild bird's scream—the blasting winds
by, for they found not fear to dwell up
shades yawned to leap their bounds, bu
thy hand which had led us thither, and we
fear. When all seemed cold, thy hovering lo
wake upon us, and we saw that the vine
our path! If you leave us, fear must go
wound thy love hath nursed; thus maime
will drive us on his dark bed, where cons
the sun of to-day we arise no more."

"O Theophilus and Gabriel," cried

with them, but they told me I was not called; that I must remain here until summoned to follow; this day in the passing winds have I heard that same voice whispering, it hourly comes nearer; ere noon I shall hear it aloud, when borne on its departing sound I must likewise leave you. Then weep not, my children, for me, turn your love on all I leave; with you, they will no longer need my care, and when you are ill and weary and need more strength to tend them, I will now show you from whence to draw this life, even from that same spring from which my father nourished me. My children, look unto your home, look on high, behold the crimson blossoms of the vine which are put forth for you, follow me and be warmed by their reddening juices; thus manned go forth to your stricken brethren when I can no longer walk among them, thus refresh the faint that will follow you hither, then will no plant wither in this beautiful garden; and when in coming years ye shall hear among the yellow leaves this whispering voice, then shall you follow after me, and leave my care unto others even as I now consign it to you." Then did the holy Decæus lead them to the crimson blossoms, and having with him inhaled the renovating essence they were happy and calmed in their sorrow, they were even joyed when they thought that soon he would be with his

nome of the fathers, and [illegible]
close to him with Gabriel his brother.
was going to bid his kin adieu; as he en
turned towards his children, and blessi
he numbered them with his older breth
he went onward, the walls around him ec
vibrating requiem which rung in the ho
fathers; the holy Decæus paused one
listening to catch among the myriad the
his latest born children; quickly these
his fond ear, the voices in prayer of Tl
and Gabriel: Enough! he has heard th
of sorrow afloat, streaming from a dist
soul, and hastening forward he passed
not ere he had sealed these last words of
dren, with the blessed "Amen," which l
bled upon his lips, yet lingering to fa
[illegible] closed the door of his

many colours to radiate in the dawn of to-morrow. Many voices spoke of the holy Decæus, but none asked whither he had gone; infants would lisp his oft repeated name, the white head on his way to follow him would pause on his staff, listening for the summoning voice, and crown each passing one with their coming glory. Theophilus and Gabriel had now come to the green mounds of their fathers, and many more were there raised around since they last stood by this spot, talking with the old man.

"This place appears sad and vacant," said Gabriel, "without our old friend to talk with."

"He was always following the holy Decæus," replied Theophilus, "and surely he took him with him, for he had quite recovered his blindness, and his sight would fully bear the bright light from whence our dawn is shed."

"Theophilus! Theophilus!" cried Gabriel, "here he is sleeping beside our father."

Theophilus hastened to his brother, when beside a newly raised mound, (over which was marked a small golden cross with "Decæus," written beneath), lay another of the same recent date, bearing inscribed on a stone above, "Anheuremmenos."

The brothers shed many tears, the outpourings

with the angels which rejoice over one
repenteth. Before the brothers rose
the solemn knell from their fathers'
ceased, and was now ringing the hour
calling within her walls every member c
communion. Theophilus and Gabriel
onward to join their brethren; at the
sorrow knelt many of the most aged, o
sacrifice of a broken heart bedewed with
of contrition.

To have beheld this home the cold
nust have been warmed with its thri
The hour had passed, the voice of pr
eased. And Theophilus would that his
om Gabriel was over, and that he ha
ade adieu to his loved home; for hi
rieved in bitter sorrow when he thought

Thus did Theophilus with his heart bowed in sorrow speak to Gabriel of this distant wilderness, telling him that when morning had come he must go hence and bear with him the rich waters of his home; for many were the once green plains, now parched deserts; and hourly did the winds consume all living in their onward course.

"Theophilus, my brother!" cried Gabriel, "wilt thou leave here all thine own, to foster wild flowers which never grew in this our father's garden?"

"O, Gabriel, wild, wild they be, but they are our own rough winds have borne the seeds from our own garden, and cast them into a poisonous soil, where as each sickly leaf comes forth, there is no hand to pour upon them dew from the pure white blossom, and wash them of their tainted bloom; thus do they linger, sickened to death, perishing in the sun of to-day; if I hasten not to them, I know they must die where there is none to remember them (Eccles. ix. 5); they truly are our own, though our holy Father was ignorant of them, and these cultivated beds around might refuse them nurture, (Isa. lxiii. 16,) and when I return, though I bring them with me, and they honour our brotherhood, yet may they not recognize *them* though each member be shapen alike.

"Go, my [illegible]

briel. "Go! aid the soul whose voice c
: beaconless ocean, ever pursued by
ves of remorse; thy brother's love
ger hold thee here, his voice of
aseth; that he might mingle with his
od for thee, his Jubilant prayer."

"Adieu! my cherished brother, ever
hee the spirit of our holy Father Decæ

One day had closed and another
Morning had broken upon the home
thers, the dawn of to-morrow spread it
diation over the blooming garden, ye
many leaves still remained folded;
flower hung its head, for they were se
[illegible] had loved them, calli

the Fathers was calling her children to prayer, and even in her peal did Gabriel hear the shade of sorrow muffling her happy voice: and where was her son Theophilus, that he heard them not? On each spot once filled by him, sorrow paused; then passing, cried, where is he? and echo filled the vacant spot. He had left his home, his lovely flowers, and gone far away to thaw a frozen ground and make to himself in a wilderness of weeds, beds of chosen plants; first did he collect the most purified moulds to prepare a place wherein to plant his first care, the glorious Janua Vitæ, and he has toiled not in vain, this vine has spread over every house he has raised, and now, days, months and years have passed by since first he left his Father's home, and many hear of the golden fruit in this wilderness; still he goes on, on, levelling the ground far and wide whither the Janua Vitæ shall spread; he wearies not, neither would he rest; when all else sleepeth, he is lulled not by the voice of silence, but seeketh in communion with her, to blend his freed thoughts in harmony with night, for he knoweth these shades bear him to rest, when some morrow shall wake upon him the full light of her dawn.

Theophilus lives as the son of the holy Decæus and remembers the home of his birth! O, how

and of Gabriel are they protected in
hilling wind, and strengthened in the
he crimson blossoms; that every new-
ie bathes in the dews of the white bl
he vine, and thus are they happy; yet
he shades of evening creep out many sile
wafting their desire to meet him returning
they see him not, they call not for him
they know that before him sorrow rejoicet
liveth in the glory of his labour, where
derest plant daily offers him some chas
blightless leaf come forth in the dark
hail the morrow's dawn.

Theophilus, beloved son of the hol
who now resteth in the bright day of

death, now has spread its umbrageous leaf, a home to the houseless.

Theophilus, thou soul of all cherished, thy Father Decæus rejoiceth with all beatified spirits to welcome thee his own at thy goal in the cloudless light of to-morrow. Year hath rolled over year, many and beautiful are the new plants raised around the home of the fathers by the tendering hand of Gabriel; many, even the youngest of those, the consignment of Decæus to Gabriel, have showered their bed with their full blown flowers; their golden fruits has Gabriel sown beneath the green mounds of his fathers, to come forth and bloom in the light of to-morrow. He looketh over the garden and seeth no spot unflowered; last even he had watered them, this morning every new-born bud hath come out floating their odours on the joyous peal, ringing from the home of the fathers.

May be they welcome the return of Theophilus, for will he not come to bless them, ere they all be sown, to be raised to-morrow and blush their chaste colours in the full glory of that day?

THE BOND-CHILD.

Now Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen. Hebrews xi. 1.

Hope takes Love, and wakes her upon the growing strange things familiar.

PREFACE.

"For the Lord shall comfort Zion, He will comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their head, they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

"Who art thou that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, and fearest continually every day, because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy; and where is the fury of the oppressor?"

down that we may go over, and
thy body as the ground to them t

Zechariah ix. "Turn you to
ye prisoners of hope, even to-da
that I will render double unto you

Isaiah lxi. "He hath sent me
broken hearted, to proclaim liber
tive, and the opening of the priso
are bound."

Psalm xlii. "O my soul, why
comforted within me? hope thou i

"How shall we sing the LORD's song in a strange land?

"O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us."—Psalm cxxxvii.

"The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosened, and that he should not die in the pit, nor that his bread should fail."—Isaiah li. 14.

"Shake thyself from the dust; arise and sit down, O Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion."—Isaiah lii. 2.

"Remember, O LORD, the children of Edom, in the day of Jerusalem."—Psalm cxxxvii. 7.

. . . . . "The faithful heart
From her dim vision would not part,
When first to her fond gaze is given
That purest spot in fancy's heaven,
For all the gorgeous sky beside,
Though pledged her own and sure to abide,
Dearer than every past noonday
That gleam to her, though faint and far away."

THE BOND-CHILD;

OR,

The Bird of Fiducia.

It is bright; bright and beautiful. As some tame winged thing it seems to me. Soaring on high—all will not easily reach it—but there it ever has been, will be, and is, spreading its bespangled feathers, which as diamond wings sheet on each side its silver back, shedding its varying hues to the eager eye; like becalmed water, flinging its emissions as emeralds and rubies to mingle in each other's beauty, and liquify their lustre over its own surface.

Thus have I seen this bird when in the sunny morning of mirth I ran mid the green paths of pleasure, which rang again and again with my happy laugh for very joy of this bird.

I hear it ever hovers o'er its post, soaring to raise upon itself the light of every eye; but now as the childhood of many has past, and with the light of youth the bird has vanished, yet there be none

w? In others even memory —
say they never saw it; and many
d think it not beautiful, so they care
ok upon it; and when they near the
lwelling they will skirt it wide, straying
path which truly is green, but it is
dure, for its rays never entered their clo
l this bird delights to spread its wide w
sk in the bright sun.

Still, many know this beautiful bird
ver come within its haunted glade, for
ote which lovely and deep it rings in
ose whose eye cannot light upon its
s note is well familiar within the b
— a dungeon; between the raging

he risen from their submersion, fanned on high by these bright wings, till he wanders mid the golden clouds which drape the groves which border the native region of this bright bird. Time wearies not its note, neither may age dim its lustre; and up,—up it soars to shed its borrowed lights in the land of their birth.

And from whence comes this bird, and whither be it going? I have heard many inquire; and some ask, "Where may it now be found?" for they long on some happy thing to gaze, and live as in a sunny dream, gliding through the mists of earth: as we pass through the darkest night in quiet oblivion, waking only to the life of a new day.

Yes, not many days past was it when Christabel sought her father, Christabus, and in the hidden anguish of her soul exclaimed, "Father, O where may it now be found?" And as I watched her, I thought she would never raise her head, and her eyes seemed to rest upon the boy who wearily stood by her side, the little Ignatius, her child.

"And who is Christabel?" will the reader ask. But first will he not hear of Christabus? the old father of Christabel, whom I saw walk forward to meet his daughter, who, humbled in her own culled sorrows, wept at the feet of her holy parent; who, laying his hands upon his child, would yet bless

years which had not
n the world had ever heard of the age
ous, and still fewer had ever seen him.
of the desert plains—the houseless la
surround the vale of Fiducia, and each li
will reply, "'Tis he alone whom we
known, as the patriot of the forsaken."

In the vale of Fiducia stood the d
Christabus, shrouded in a dark folia
seemed to have gathered there from th
the now bared plains; and the gathe
from many hills swept through the val
along, mirroring in their course the old
shadowed upon them. Yes, the lofty
had once rung with the merry joy of

left the eye of Christabus; he it was who had taught her to play by the clear water's side; and when she was tired of seeking for shining stones, he would call her to sing in the grove; and as she looked up, she never failed to see the bright bird and hear its song as it soared through the dark boughs: for it remained not only in the quiet vale of Fiducia; it flew afar round and round; it visited the barrenest and bleakest lands, for there perchance it might call, by its beautiful note, many a desponding heart from the lethargy of earth; and the sorrow-stricken eye, once raised, may be riveted in its hues. Nor did Christabus stay in his peaceful home, for many sought him as their guide through the trackless plains which were distant from the vale of Fiducia, and the cares of the joyless never failed to reach his listening heart. A home it was which Christabus would leave, yet he knew no sorrow; for as he went from all, he felt not alone: there was ever before him the guardian bird of his house.

The sun had set; the day had closed; and myriads of stars canopied the vale of Fiducia, which slept as if buried in the long shades of the grove, and hushed in the rippling music of the passing waters. Yes, all,—all was hushed, save the prayers of Christabus, who knelt by the couch of his lovely

and Christabus looked [illegible]
ing that she slept.
ıe silence of night had scarce reigned her t
ı a distant chime broke upon the ear of C
s, who arose ere the sun had waked to l
›ath, to lead in prayer the congregated s
.s of the plains. At sunrise would the s
ls look out for the wonted coming of this
, whom they knew afar by the golden
n his gown, which shone in the darkest ı
bright ensign of their leader.
The sun had broken many dreary night:
ere Christabus was seen again on his v
vale of Fiducia. The old man was w
h toil; but as he leant upon his staff, the
[illegible] unto him t

and finding her not, returned upon the staff which Christabus had left, while he turned to seek and call aloud for his lost child where he had last seen her. He went to her forsaken couch and stood; he prayed, kneeling upon his bended knees; and rising he cried in the bitterest anguish, "My child! Christabel! Christabel!" When he heard the lofty walls ring with the echo from the note of the beautiful bird which sat upon his staff, then did his gaze from the nothingness of despair fall upon its lovely hues; and as he approached it spread its glittering wings to fan away his desolation.

The sorrow-stricken father went out, and walked mid the groves of the vale; and there, on the topmost boughs he looked up, and heard the heaven-taught song of the bird of Fiducia, and the soul of the holy Christabus was at peace.

But where was his child? whither had Christabel gone? would the inquiring eye of this holy man ask from all around; he gazed upon the still waters at his feet, but he saw her not, only on their silver surface fell his sorrow, casting a shade over their bright face, and it glided away in their course; and he heard alone their ripple as before. Yes all, all stood as it was; the high boughs swung to the music of their own rocking; the steep banks bedded with flowers arose before him,

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rus; Christabus turned and following th
his house, which flew before him, ever s
her and higher, left the grove and went
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its lovely hues; and here I left Chr
cturing to himself the land beyond the
ouds, the native region of the bird of Fic
"Yes, yes," I heard him say, "I s
hence its borrowed hues have come, I
ote is but the echo of songs from thence.
And now will we follow Christabel w
[illegible] of her father, for many y

hills, and had ever run through the vale, making the groves green, and the banks to bear their purple flowers, she loved them not for themselves, but because the beautiful bird lived among them; on the water's edge she had seen it afloat, on the flowery banks it roamed, tinting each coming bud with some one of its rich hues ere it should open of a pale and sunless birth, and on the lofty boughs, so green and leafy, would it ring its note, and thrill the vale with life.

O well might the holy Christabus exclaim, "Christabel, child of Fiducia, why hast thou strayed, and whither art thou gone from the bright bird of thy home, whose song from infancy has hushed thee to rest, and whose glittering wings have changed each cry into merriest joy?" O hapless child, to have wandered from the water's edge, to be wearied in thy search for shining stones; Christabel, child of thy holy father, why shouldest thou tire so soon in the path he hath led thee, and in a fruitless search for other joys, leave the well beaten shore, and wander upon the sharp flints beyond.

Yes, she had left her own track, which her father from youth had trodden smooth, and strayed upon a rugged ground, and then did she try to ease her bruised feet upon the soft sands which

gathering tears [illegible]

) why did Christabel weep? years had
ce any thing so soft and warm as a t
ıched her; did she mourn the absence
n-clad lord, who as he passed from
)ked up and cursed her sorrow? no, th
ild was spared this pang, for she neitl
m, nor heard his voice. She wept and
eep, when she saw the little Ignatius
ap his tiny hands, and scream for joy
rst beheld the pageant in the court belc
The last hoof had clashed upon the st
ron gates fell to, and the Lords of Mor
ar gone, when the deep loud voice of sil
ommunion with Christabel in the dep

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The little Ignatius crept close to his mother, fearing a silence which before he had never heard, and a sadness which he could not comprehend; at last Christabel's averted eye was turned upon him, when she heard gently whisper in her ear, "Mother, mother, O how beautiful!"

Christabel looked around, and saw the finger of her little Ignatius pointing to a small green spider, which had spun from the ceiling a little web, and as it ascended, his eye followed it higher and higher, until he could see it no longer, and now he cried aloud, "Mother, 'tis gone, quite gone."

Poor Christabel. The voice of her child seemed to kindle anew her deadened grief, and as she watched him, her tears fell faster and faster. "O mother, why do you weep?" asked her child, the innocent Ignatius. He knew not the cause of her sorrow; neither how that it was cherished upon himself.

"O mother, they will come again, they will come again," cried the artless child.

The bond-child, with her soul riven in bitterest grief, replied, "Yes, surely they will come, and thy Father, he will bear thee away before him, and thy little white feet shall tread the dead they have massacred on the plains of Otium, where the golden cross of the Shepherd stands not a

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ılas! the happy heart of the ...
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ıings of the horse he should ride.

The bond-child clung to little Ign
spair. She told her child how these
had once borne her from her hon
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which had ever sung to her in the ı
The bond-child thought of the f
Christabus had called her to watc
... glorious colours,

vanished, saw no more the bird of Fiducia, and this was wherefore Christabel wept, when her child cried, "Mother, O how beautiful," and the next moment, "'Tis gone; quite gone." When Christabel ceased to speak, little Ignatius asked, "Mother, will the bird come here; and is it beautiful as the green spider?"

"My child," replied Christabel, "the spider is not beautiful, for it is only painted, even as the flowers are which seem to grow upon the whited walls of this gloomy domain, for nothing would live which was ever planted on these parched regions. The lovely bird I have never seen alight here, for it sees no green to soar over—nothing living ever bloomed here; no flowers burst from this barren soil, whereon the bright bird might cast its hues, and tint them various shades ere the colourless bud be opened to the sun in its infant beauty. So have the lords of Mortalis painted the walls of an unfruitful land, whereon should the warm rains of the Vale of Fiducia fall, it would wash them even of their whited face; but none, my child, know these flowers to be painted, but those who have seen living ones, which grow in that blessed vale, and none know that they be scentless but those who have walked amid the odorous beds of the living; and none know they

en of all but desolation, and can the
ıe holy Christabus live in this cold life?
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ı of all around us here?"
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lows in the midst thereof, saying, "How shall we sing the LORD'S song in a strange land?" And they forgot not Jerusalem, but remembered her above their chiefest joy. Long she sat buried in her own griefs; all, all was silent save the little heart of her child Ignatius, which seemed to beat aloud as his infant gaze grew more and more earnest upon his mother. His fear of disturbing her at length seemed to die in the reigning silence, and he crept upon his mother's neck and whispered, "O mother, if I sing, will the bright bird come?" And ere she had raised her head, there fell from the lips of her child the softest sweetest strain as ever seraph poured upon the benighted hearts of the wanderers of earth; the blanched cheek of Christabel seemed warmed with the glory of another world, and as she raised her bended head, and turned unto her child, what did she behold? Her long long-lost joy; there hovered over her child the glorious bird of Fiducia, and it called forth from Christabel the melody which she had last sung in the home of her father, and which had rung its echo upon every joy in the vale of Fiducia, and then did she remember how in time gone by, the prophet Isaiah had said, "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and hills shall break forth before you

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Mortalis free; she clasped her child
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oud lord, ere he would again return, r
e blood of the holy shepherds who
pon the plains of Otium, and freeze her
ng soul in a blast of unhallowed mirth,
her for the life of a joy which he v
know.

The time that had passed was not l
d-child of the lords of Mortalis
listened to the con

tius it hovered in view, and seemed with its sparkling wings to beckon her to follow, she quickly arose to flee from a life of desolation, and feared not the hard roads she must traverse, for the bright bird went forward, ever flinging its shade, a light only less bright than itself, upon each dark spot she should tread. And on, on she hastened, for she well knew any hour the lords of Mortalis might return, and should they meet her by the way, her happiness must be drowned in their wrathful imprecations. But the bright bird came so near, ever soaring above her, and so often rested on the head of the little Ignatius, that fear seemed to have fled to give it place, and Ignatius would laugh, as never his mother heard him before, when the bird came near to him. And often when it perched low and close by him he would clap his little hands, and there rung again and again in Christabel's heart, the joy of her infant.

The plains of Otium were not far off, and as the daughter of Christabus looked around, her eye fell upon many weary pilgrims who longed to reach the plains, where the good shepherds would come forth and meet them.

Christabel journeyed on, when at a short space distant she beheld one of these reverend men, and upon the crossing of his golden staff flew the

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heir banner, to slay and capture
their protector; h

its thrilling melody; and then the lords of Mortalis were beaten—they turned and fled: and now, only now had the holy Christabus left the plain whither he had come to call to prayer the victorious shepherds, and they thus refreshed had severally parted, and Christabus to the Vale of Fiducia.

During this relation from one of the scattered shepherds, Christabel wept alternately the tears of joy and sorrow; and as the shepherd ceased to speak, the bird flew upon the crossing of his staff, and sung again its jubilant song which had borne the shepherds through their fight. Then did joy triumph over sorrow; Christabel ceased to weep and sung with the bird; the softest, sweetest melody it was that ever fell upon the human soul —so deep, so holy, that it called the bright bird from the crossing of the shepherd's staff, and it flew and lighted upon the head of little Ignatius. Then did the child of the holy Christabus behold her sorrow dead and shrouded in this one joy. And here did the shepherd leave Christabel, and turned onward to the vale to tell the holy Christabus of the coming of his child.

Christabel was weary with the toilsome road she had travelled, and she sat upon a stone close by, beneath an old tree which had braved many a

boundary of the beautiful vale of F
she looked onward, following in its fa
the bird of her home which was flyi
already was its melody heard through
and the holy Christabus had risen
And there sat Christabel, where th
had left her; as sorrow at rest gazin
lovely shades of the bright bird whi
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at her feet, clasped his little hand
"Mother, it is so still, all is peace, w
whisper here." And for the first time
tabel hear aloud the infant voice of
whose pure spirit prayed as only a
hear, and it fell as precious balm upon

whose long robes were borne adrift by the winds. "Mother, mother," cried Ignatius, "is he yonder the holy Christabus?" And Christabel arose to meet her father, with her child wearily clinging to her side.

Before her father stood the long-lost daughter, sorrow bowed her head, and she raised not her eyes, as she exclaimed, "Father, father, where, O where may it now be found?" Her eye turned upon her child, for she thought his spirit alone could move with hers.

Tears relieved the burdened soul; and Christabel wept at the feet of her holy father, who stretched forth his hands, and laying them upon her head, in her humility he gave unto her the holiest, fondest of blessings, which ever sainted father could give; her child he raised in his arms and marked him with the ensign of his order; the golden cross which shone upon his breast, he laid upon the forehead of little Ignatius, and never again did the daughter of Christabus exclaim, "Father, where, O where is it?" For she had now arisen and beheld round and round the glorious bird of Fiducia, with every feather spread, shading upon her their brightest and deepest hues; her child clapped his little hands, in the childish joy of delight, and cried as of yore, when he beheld the green spider, "Mother, mother, how

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ıe holy Christabus, leaning upon t
is child, exclaim, "My daughter, t
ıy father is this day fulfilled, let us
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"Her maiden beauty, brilliant now no
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Than when the smiling roseate tint